MARVEL
023
THE WORLD'S GREATEST COMIC MAGAZINE!
DEADPOOL®
MERC WITH A MOUTH
TRADD8
DUGGAN
LOLLI
VILLANELLI
GURU-eFX

Avenger...Assassin...Superstar...Smelly person...Possibly the world's most skilled mercenary, definitely the world's most annoying, Wade Wilson was chosen for a top-secret government program that gave him a healing factor allowing him to heal from any wound. Somehow, despite making his money as a gun for hire, Wade has become one of the most beloved "heroes" in the world. Call him the Merc with the Mouth...call him the Regeneratin' Degenerate...call him...

DEADPOOL

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DO THE TRUFFLE SHUFFLE

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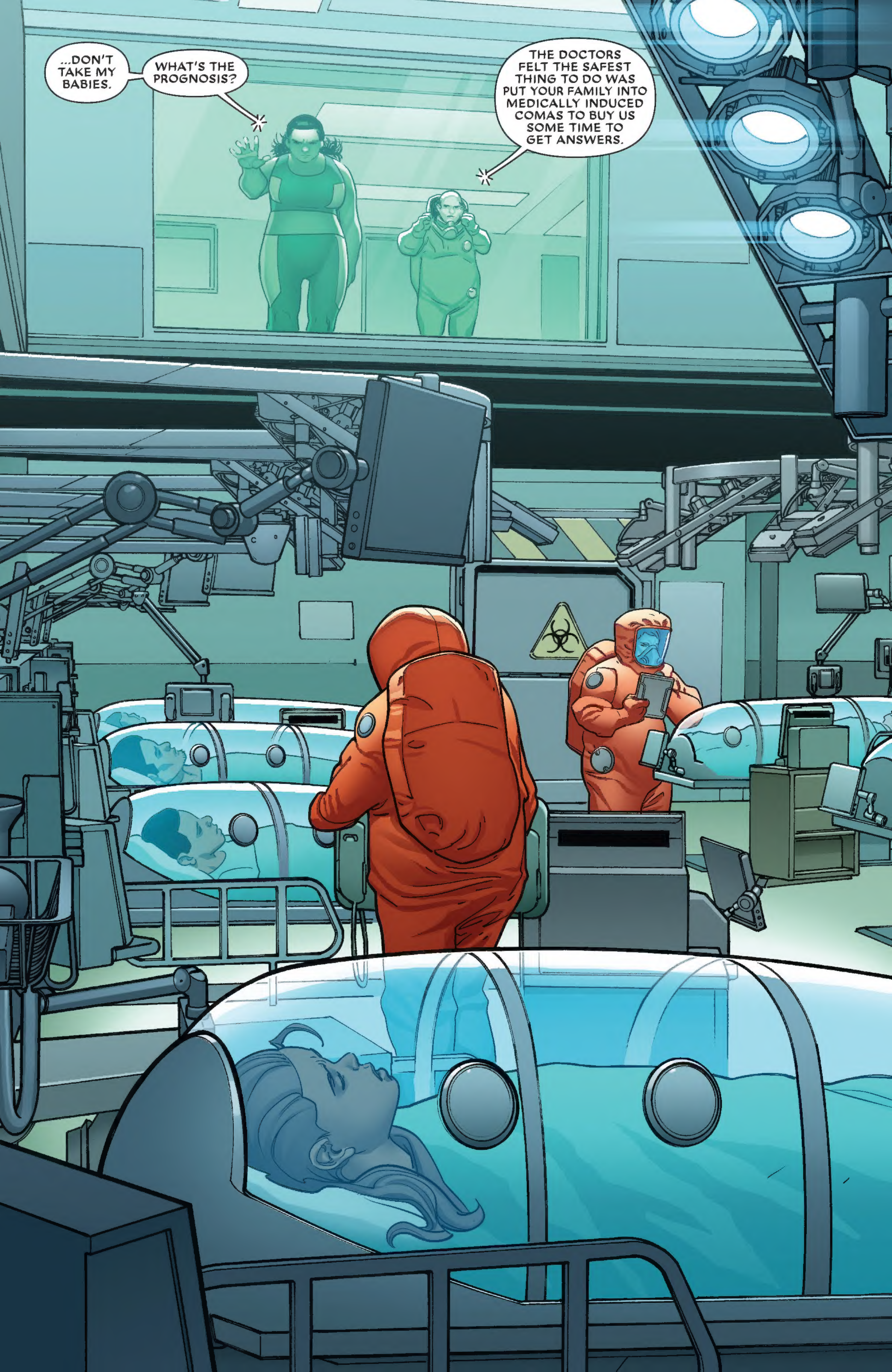
A SECRET S.H.I.E.L.D. FACILITY IN NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

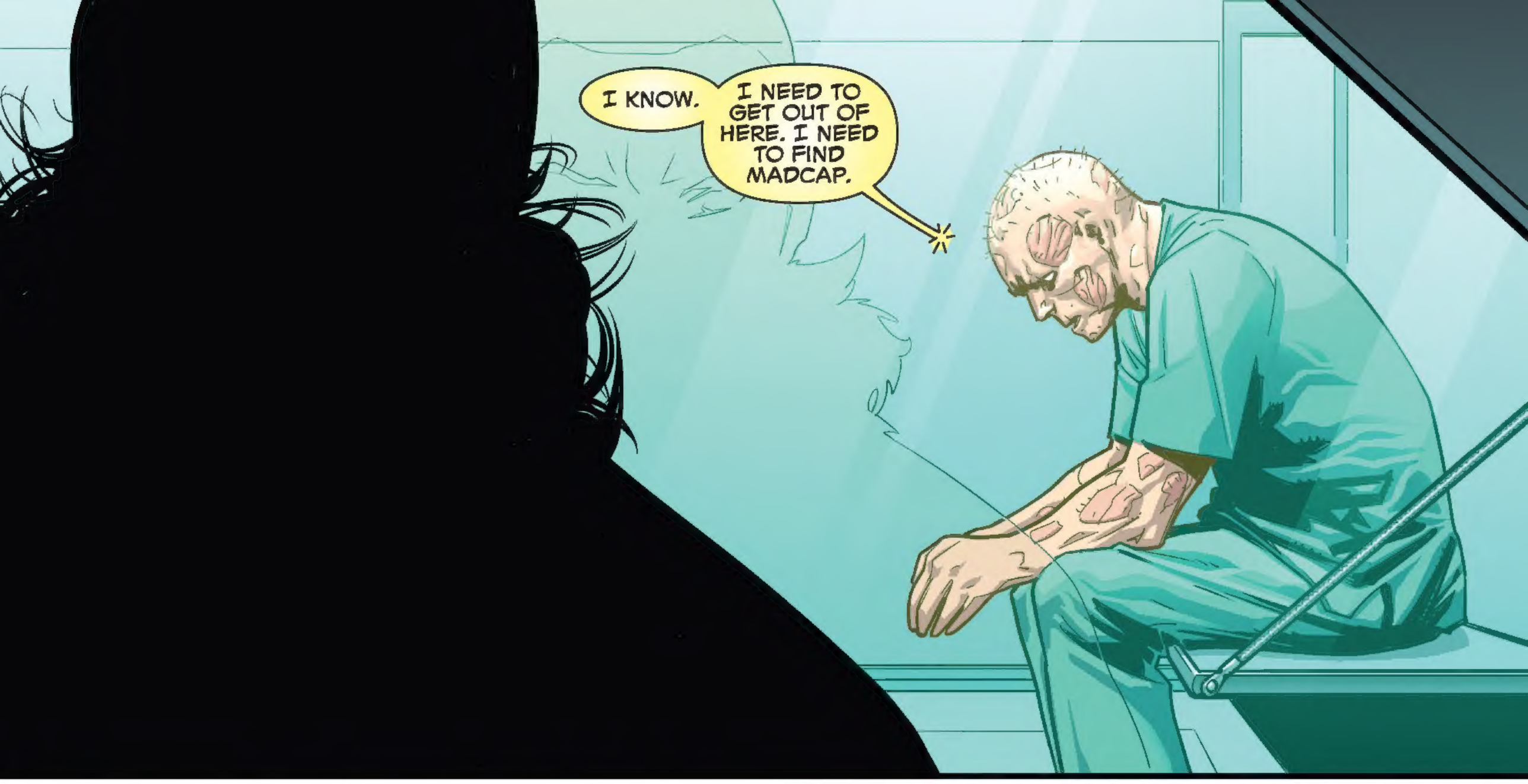
HOW MUCH LONGER DO I HAVE TO BE IN HERE?

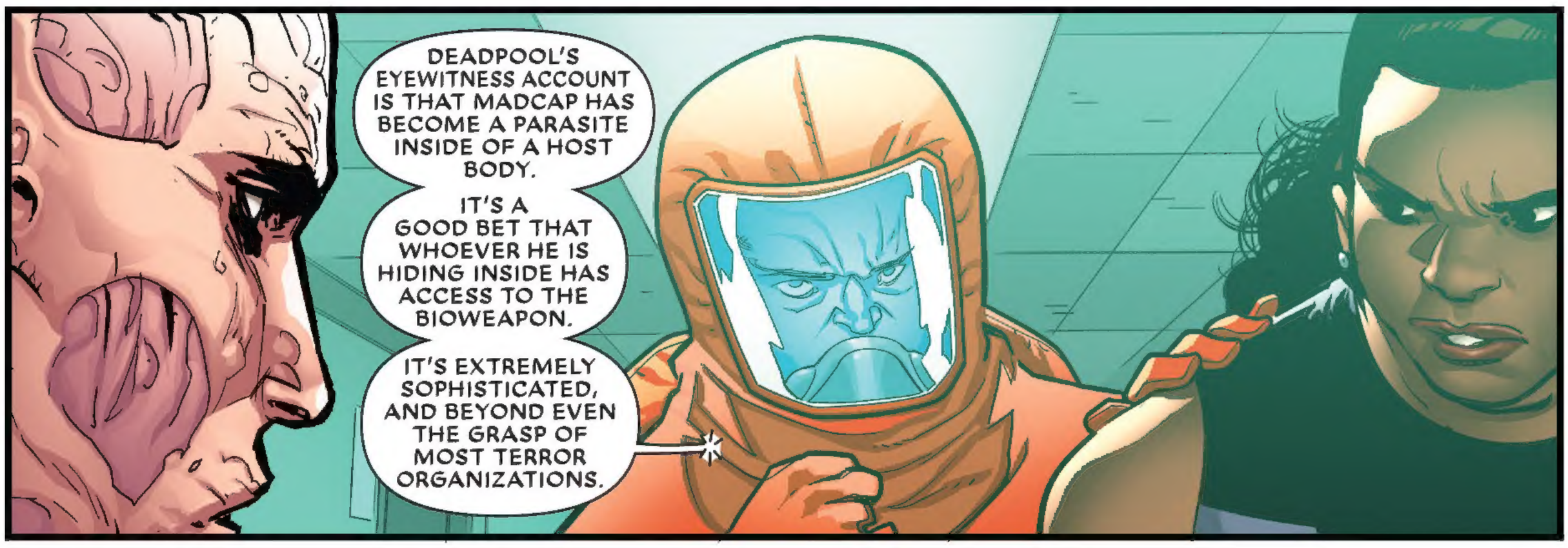
AS LONG AS IT TAKES TO BE SURE YOUR LIFE MODEL DECOY BODY IS FREE OF ANY CONTAMINATION, AGENT PRESTON.

SHE'S CLEAR.

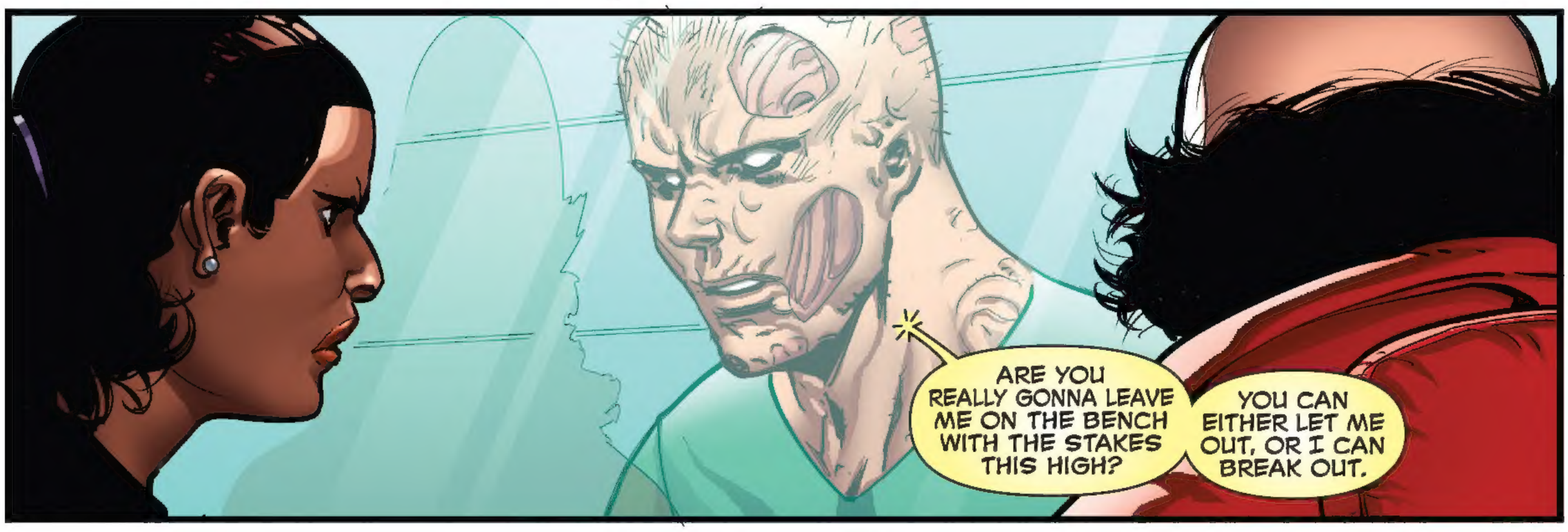

...DON'T TAKE MY BABIES.
WHAT'S THE PROGNOSIS?
THE DOCTORS FELT THE SAFEST THING TO DO WAS PUT YOUR FAMILY INTO MEDICALLY INDUCED COMAS TO BUY US SOME TIME TO GET ANSWERS.

A-ARE THEY GONNA DIE?
THEY'RE...
...JUST... BE HERE FOR THEM, EMILY. WE'RE WORKING ON IT.
WHERE IS HE?
WHERE'S DEADPOOL?
THEY'RE PUTTING HIM THROUGH THE SAME EXAM YOU HAD. YOUR LIFE MODEL DECOY BODY WAS CLEANSED OF THE VIRUS--BUT WE CAN'T BE SURE HE ISN'T STILL A CARRIER.
DEADPOOL!
I NEED ANSWERS RIGHT NOW, WADE.


I KNOW.
I NEED TO GET OUT OF HERE. I NEED TO FIND MADCAP.

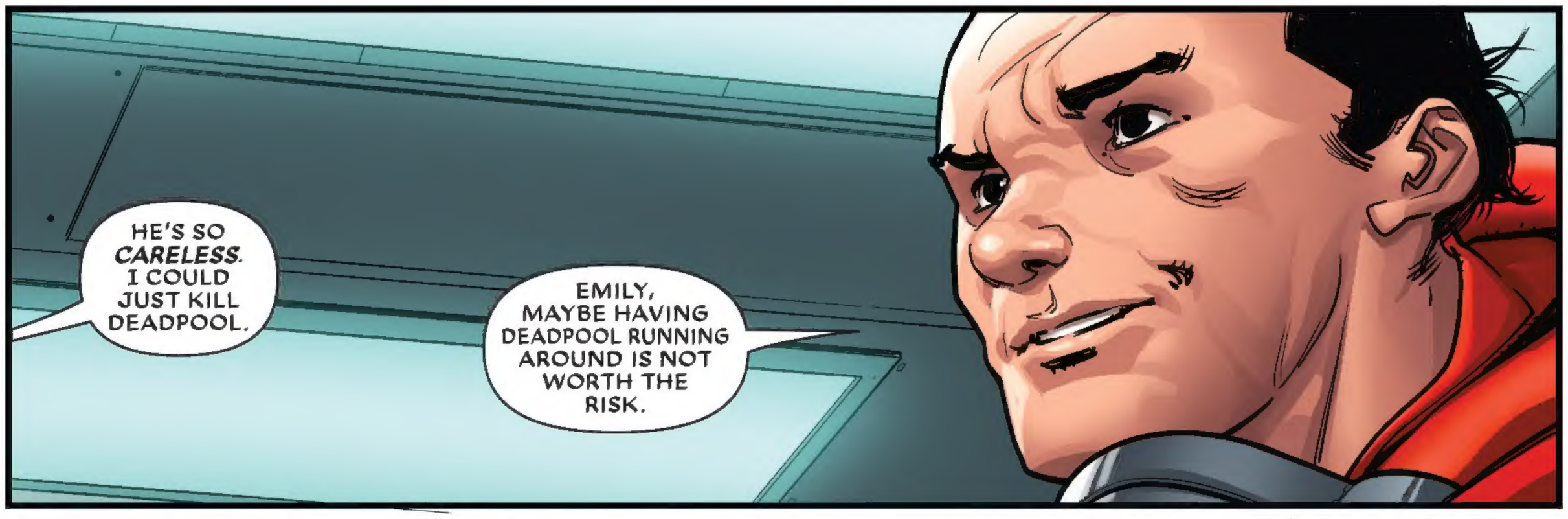

DEADPOOL'S EYEWITNESS ACCOUNT IS THAT MADCAP HAS BECOME A PARASITE INSIDE OF A HOST BODY.
IT'S A GOOD BET THAT WHOEVER HE IS HIDING INSIDE HAS ACCESS TO THE BIOWEAPON.
IT'S EXTREMELY SOPHISTICATED, AND BEYOND EVEN THE GRASP OF MOST TERROR ORGANIZATIONS.

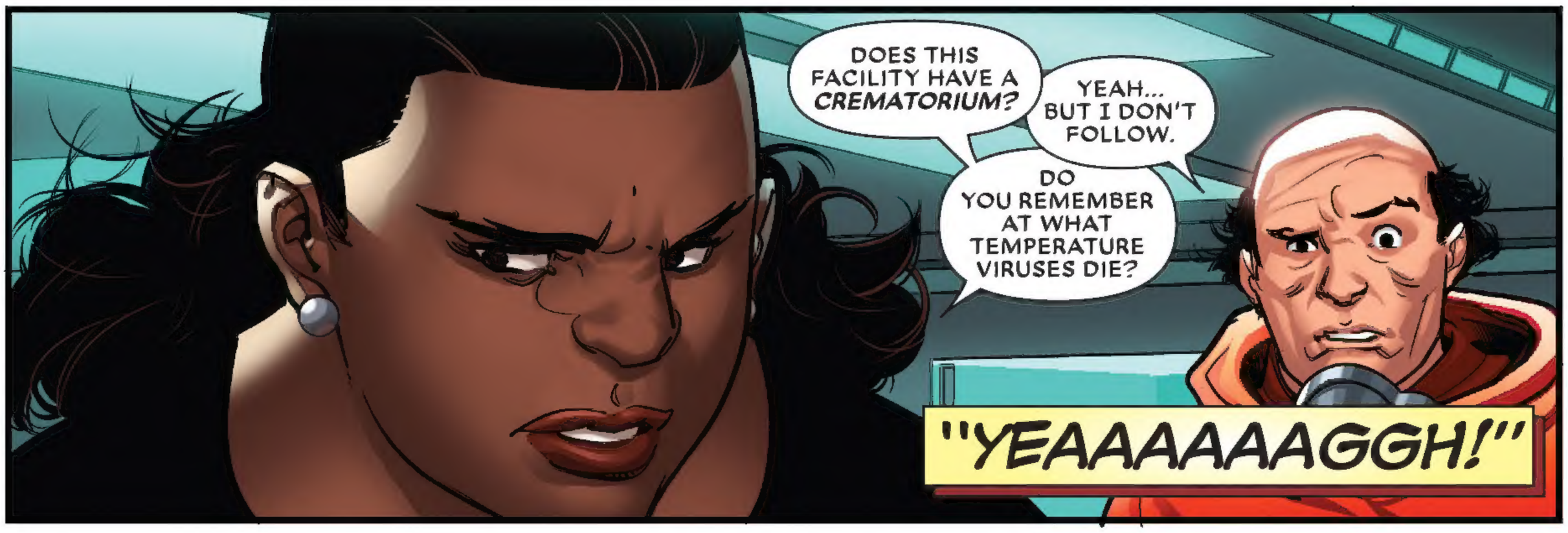
THE BEST GUESS IT'S A HYBRID. AN ENGINEERED WEAPON. PART MARBURG. MAYBE EBOLA?
THE EGGHEADS ARE WAITING FOR THE DNA SEQUENCE TO BE COMPLETE IN A FEW HOURS.


ARE YOU REALLY GONNA LEAVE ME ON THE BENCH WITH THE STAKES THIS HIGH?
YOU CAN EITHER LET ME OUT, OR I CAN BREAK OUT.

I'LL BE WILLING TO CROSS LINES S.H.I.E.L.D. WON'T.

WHAT WOULD IT TAKE TO SPRING WADE?
CONCLUSIVE PROOF THAT HE'S FREE OF THE VIRUS HE GAVE TO EVERYONE.


HE'S SO *CARELESS*. I COULD JUST KILL DEADPOOL.
EMILY, MAYBE HAVING DEADPOOL RUNNING AROUND IS NOT WORTH THE RISK.


DOES THIS FACILITY HAVE A *CREMATORIUM?*
YEAH... BUT I DON'T FOLLOW.
DO YOU REMEMBER AT WHAT TEMPERATURE VIRUSES DIE?
"YEAAAAAAGGH!"

AEEEEEE!!!!!
THIS HAS TO BE THE FIRST TIME WE'VE PUT A LIVE BODY INTO THE FURNACE.
DON'T BE SO SURE. THERE WERE SOME SCARY STORIES ABOUT THE OLD NICK FURY.
THAT SHOULD BE LONG ENOUGH...
ACKKCCKRK!
...HE'S WELL OVER THE THRESHOLD OF MORE THAN *220 DEGREES.*
STOP
HANG ON.
I LIKE MY IDIOT *WELL-DONE.*
AAAAAEEE!!!!

LATER...

I ALREADY REGRET LETTING YOU OUT.

WHY?

YOU'RE PUTTING ON YOUR BOOTS BEFORE YOUR PANTS.

WELL EXCUUUSE ME! I NEVER THINK THAT WELL AFTER GETTING BAKED ON HIGH.

S.H.I.E.L.D. IS OUT CRACKING HEADS. BUT WHICH CORNER OF YOUR SCUMMY WORLD DO WE START WITH FIRST?

I DON'T THINK WE HAVE THE TIME TO BE DISCERNING...

WE'LL PUT OUR FOOT TO ASS INDISCRIMINATELY. SOMEBODY WILL TALK.

THANK FREYA, MY DEADPALS ARE ALREADY GROWING BACK.

WHERE TO FIRST?

ONE OF MY OLD STOMPING GROUNDS...

SISTER MARGARET'S SCHOOL FOR WAYWARD CHILDREN.

"DON'T MAKE US ASK AGAIN..."

...OTHERWISE THIS VISIT MAY TURN UNPLEASANT.
WHO'S SELLING VIRUSES?
I AIN'T AFRAID OF YOU NO MORE, DEADPOOL. YOU'RE ALL SOFT. YOU'RE AN AVENGER. PEOPLE ARE WEARING SHIRTS WITH YOUR FACE ON IT.
AND EVEN IF I THOUGHT YOU WAS DANGEROUS--I WOULDN'T BE AFRAID WITH YOUR LAW DOG OVER THERE.
YOU GOT IT ALL WRONG...
...I'M PROTECTING YOU FROM HER.
%#&%&#$! SHE AIN'T ABOUT TO LET US GET WRECKED BY--
AEEEEllllll!
SKRACKK

I HEARD MAYBE THE JACKAL WAS GETTIN' INTO BIOTECH. YOU ASK HIM.
HYDRA! THEY LIKE VIRUSES!
MAYBE, UH, IS THE SINISTER SIX STILL AROUND?
PLEASE DON'T BREAK MY FINGERS.
MY BOYFRIEND HAS A VIRUS RIGHT NOW--THAT'S ALL I KNOW.
WHO ARE WE NOT THINKING OF?
ULTIMATUM?
NAH. I KILLED THEM SO BAD THEY'VE STAYED DEAD EVER SINCE.
THESE EVIL WIZARDS ARE A BUST, TOO!
YEAH, BUT IT'S FUN TO WORK OUT SOME FRUSTRATIONS, RIGHT?
I GOT ANOTHER IDEA. HOW ABOUT WE GO CLUBBING?
ON SECOND THOUGHT, I DON'T NEED TO SEE YOUR INVITATION, WELCOME TO THE HELLFIRE CLUB.
MR. SHAW WILL SEE YOU NOW, BUT I ASSURE YOU, NOBODY AROUND HERE IS WEARING LATEX SUITS FOR BIOHAZARD PROTECTION.
MY WOMAN'S INTUITION SAYS THEY'RE TELLING THE TRUTH.
WE'VE MADE A TERRIBLE MISTAKE.
WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO ESCALATE.
LET'S HIT EVERY BARON, MASTER, MORDO, AND OLD SCIENCE &#$%-UP WE CAN.

PRESTON AND I HIT EVERY SALARYMAN VILLAIN, EVERYBODY THAT'S EVER WORKED FOR SOMEBODY THAT WAS A SOMEBODY.
AND EVEN THOUGH IT WAS A FUN DIVERSION...
MADCAP!
WHERE IS HE?!
...IT WAS ULTIMATELY FRUITLESS.
WHO'S SEEN HIM?!
WE DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE EVEN TALKING ABOUT. WE WERE ON OUR WAY TO POSION A BACCARAT CHAMPIONSHIP!

DAMMIT!
WE'RE RUNNING OUT OF TIME, WADE!
MAYBE... MAYBE I WAS WRONG. MAYBE THE VIRUS CAN'T BE FOUND ON SHORT NOTICE.
IF I THINK LIKE MADCAP-- HE WOULD WANT TO WATCH ME FAIL.
YOU SAID HE'S GROWING BACK LIKE A PARASITE INSIDE A BODY.
WHO DO WE KNOW THAT PUT ON A COUPLE OF POUNDS?
SCOTT?!
"OH THE WEATHER OUTSIDE IS FRIGHTFUL..."

CASA DE ADSIT...

DUM DEE DUM...

...DELIGHTFUL

LET IT SNOW, LET IT SNOW, LET IT--

KLIK

CHECK OUT THIS BLACK HOLE I HAVE FOR YOU.

WHOA!

WHA- WHAT'S GOING ON?!

WATCH THE TELESCOPE!

TAKE OFF YOUR SHIRT.

NO! WHAT THE HELL IS WRONG WITH YOU?
I'M SO SICK OF YOU! YOU CAN'T COME IN HERE AND--
SCOTT...

...DO WHAT THE MAN SAYS.

EMILY? WHAT'RE YOU--

PULL UP THAT SHIRT AND DO THE TRUFFLE SHUFFLE OR I'LL RIP YOUR CLOTHES OFF MYSELF!

I KNOW THAT DIDN'T COME OUT RIGHT, BUT IN THE INTEREST OF MOVING THIS ALONG--PULL UP YOUR SHIRT.

HAPPY NOW?

YOU EVER THINK MAYBE YOU DRIVE SOME PEOPLE TO *PANIC EAT?*

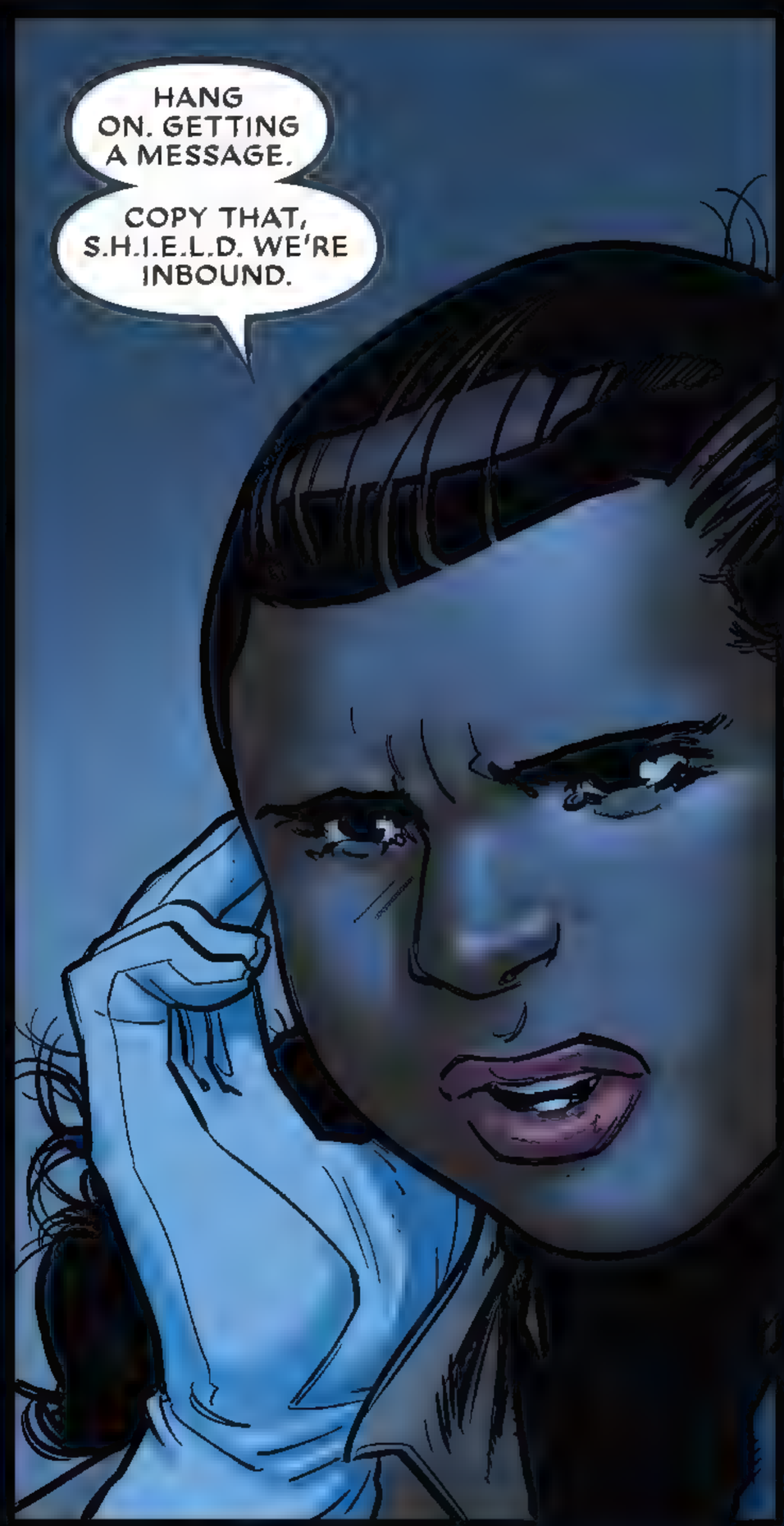
WHAT?!

WERE YOU GUYS HOPING I WAS INFECTED WITH MADCAP?!

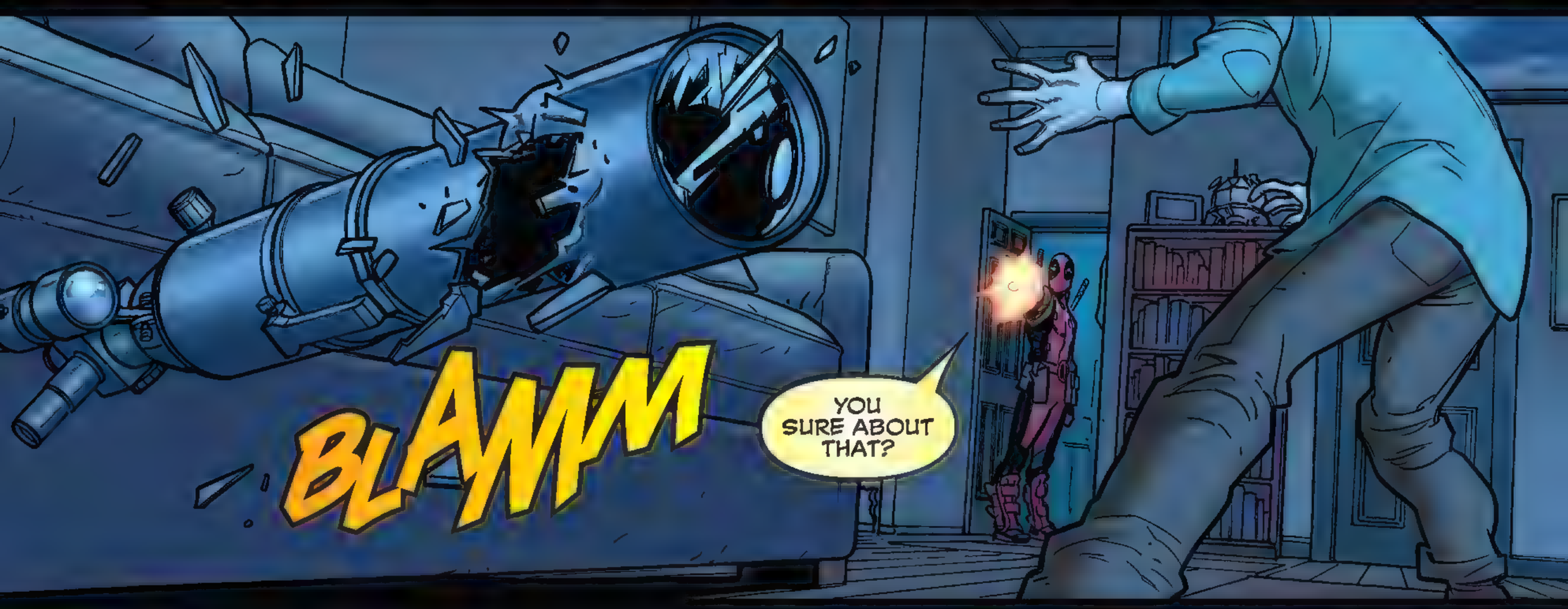
JUUUST MAKING SURE.

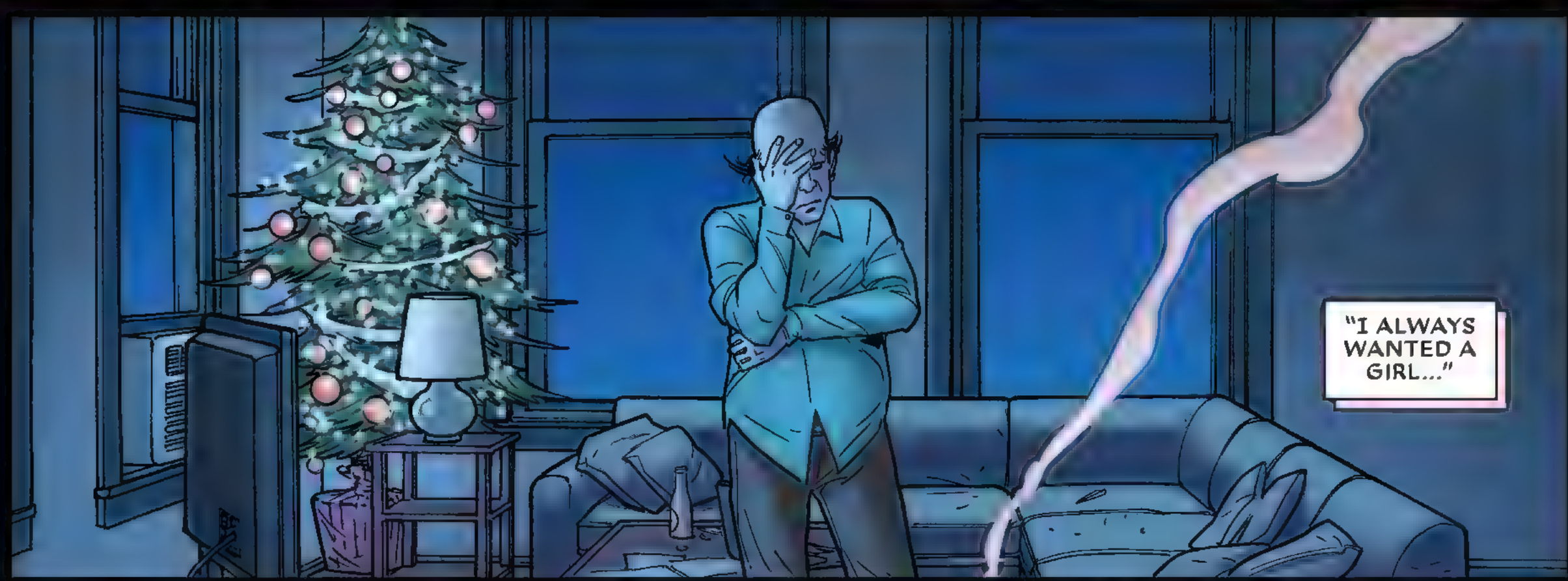
GET THE HELL OFF ME, YOU MANIAC!

THIS IS HOW YOU'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR MADCAP?!


HANG ON. GETTING A MESSAGE.
COPY THAT, S.H.I.E.L.D. WE'RE INBOUND.

WE'RE OUT OF TIME. LET'S GO BE WITH THE KIDS.
SORRY ABOUT THE TELESCOPE.
IT'S NOT HURT TOO BAD.


BLAMM
YOU SURE ABOUT THAT?


"I ALWAYS WANTED A GIRL..."

...BUT TERRY AND I ONLY WANTED ONE KID. AND TERRY JR. IS JUST PERFECT.
WHEN THE CHANCE TO ADOPT ELLIE CAME OUR WAY, I WAS SO *GRATEFUL*.
IT MADE BEING FRIENDS WITH YOU WORTH IT.
NOW LOOK AT WHAT YOU'VE DONE TO US!
DO *WHATEVER* NEEDS TO BE DONE TO UNDO THIS.
I DON'T CARE WHAT IT COSTS.

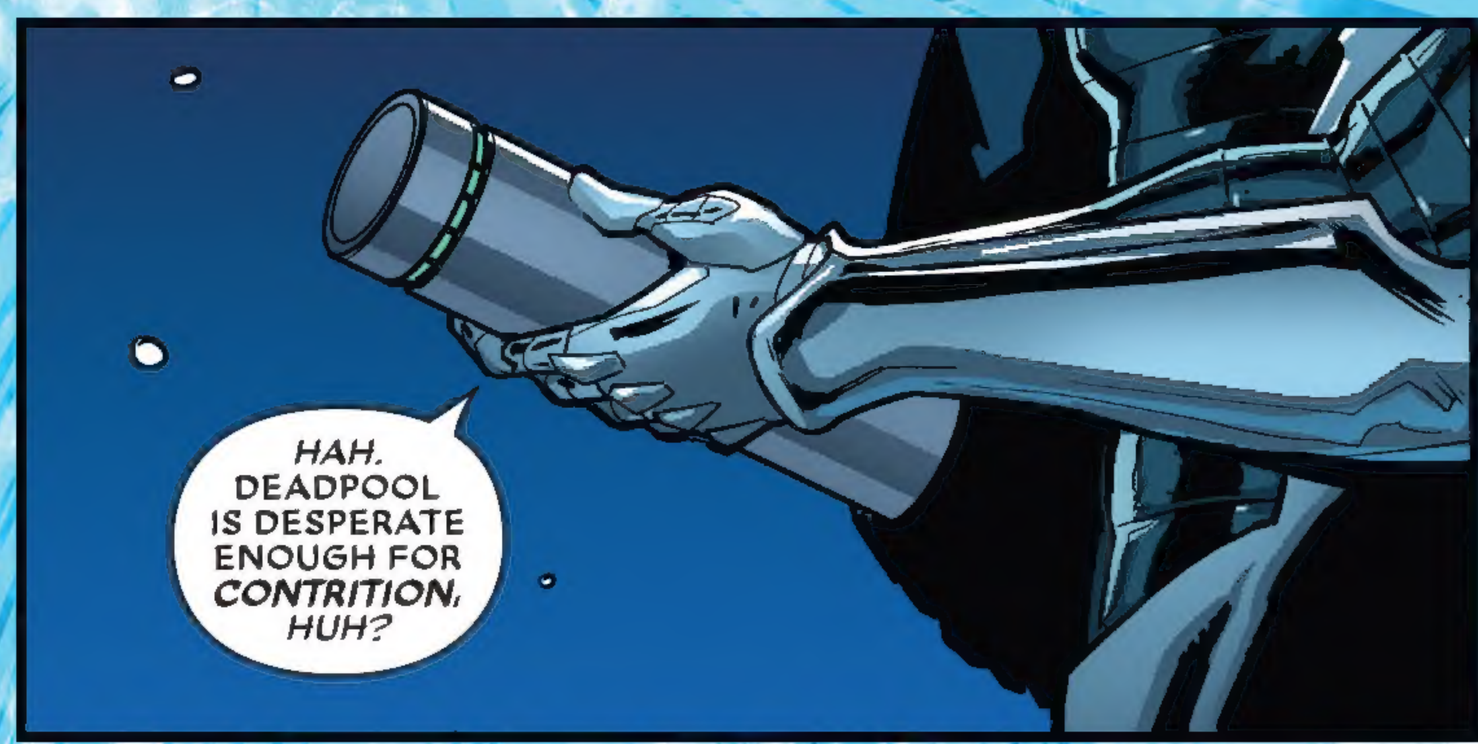
WITH DEADPOO
"DON'T MAKE THESE BABIES PAY FOR YOUR MISTAKES!"
CABLE!
NATE!
"YOU SAID TO CALL THIS NUMBER IF I NEEDED A FAVOR...

...WELL, TODAY IS THAT DAY.
I NEED A CURE FOR A BIOWEAPON NOW.
PROBLEM IS--THE CURE MAY...MAY NOT EXIST IN 2016.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENS NOW.
I DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME. NOT THAT IT MATTERS TO YOU, I SUPPOSE.
FIND ME. YESTERDAY.
Phone
RING RING
NO NEED TO ANSWER THE PHONE...

...IT'S JUST ME RINGING YOU BACK TO GET THE BALL ROLLING.

BUT I'VE COME BACK IN TIME, AND I HAVE WHAT YOU WANT. I UNDERSTAND WE'RE ON A BIT OF A CLOCK?

FIRST, LET ME APOLOGIZE FOR THE REMARKS I MADE WHEN YOU GAVE ME THAT TELEPHONE NUMBER.


HAH. DEADPOOL IS DESPERATE ENOUGH FOR *CONTRITION,* HUH?

I GOTTA KNOW...

...WHAT'S THIS CURE GOING TO COST ME, STRYFE?
DON'T WORRY. I HAVE A PLAN FOR YOU TO WORK IT OFF.
TO BE CONCLUDED...

DEADPOOL #24

ZONE